

# **A drop in the ocean**

**by Oscar Lepore**

*Kyle has a girlfriend who will soon want to marry. But things do not go as expected and she dies killed by bad people . A hermit will show the young man a new path, which will lead him to an extraordinary life ...*

## **A drop in the ocean**

### **Selvaggi**

"Kyle!" like a thunder, Kyle heard his name pronounced.

He was in a jungle. Where did that call come from? Kyle looked to his left and right, and there he saw so many wild men trying to strike and silence one who was like a man, but he was twice as tall, covered with a shining armor like crystal. He had black hair and a luminous face. While he was fighting some savages, they became more angry, while others seemed to tame.

"Kyle!" He cried again, "help me save them ... I'm Gabriel!" The alarm rang.

Kyle woke up with a start. "God what a dream ...".

He looked at the time on the alarm clock, it was morning now, now to get ready. He went to the bathroom to wash. He always took a shower in the morning, made him feel good all day.

The young man was tall, about one meter and eighty-four, with short brown hair and pale, light blue eyes. He must have been about twenty-five years old. After the shower was changed. The room was very tidy, a few things and all in order; a bookcase, a bedside table, a bed and a wardrobe. No paintings, nothing unconventional. He had dressed in jeans and a long-sleeved cotton shirt, and put his hair back on the gel. He took a picture of a girl from the bedside table and kissed it. Then, having breakfast, he took the car and went to work. The dream vanished among other things.

### **Kisses**

"Excellent pasta!". Kyle was eating a taste of the portion of tuna pasta that Signora Fornasiere had left on the table, and now he looked at him with an amused eye. Next to him is the girl in the picture, five inches less than Kyle, with fluffy black hair and dark eyes, a noble and decisive style. "How was love?" He said.

"Well," Kyle replied, "I did not have a lot of work, and the electronic boards got on well ... so ... I had time to think."

"To what?" She asked, smiling.

"Mah ... to you, Simona!".

Mrs. Fornasiere raised her hands. "Always so you two ... Soon you to graduate that I will marry you otherwise!". Simona looked at her softly, her blond and docile mother tenderly, and putting a hand on his caressed her.

"Well ... how many exams are missing?" Kyle asked.

"Four ..." said Simona with a sweet look inside, as she left her mother's hand. Kyle had finished eating. They did not use second courses except vegetables because they were less heavy.

"Wow, wow, wow!" Said the young man, "I will be happiness in person!"  
Simona looked at him as if to say - What are you talking about? -. "Shut up, you idiot!" He retorted, "come in. Hello mum," he said, and took him with him to his room.

"How unimpressed would Giulio be of this intimacy if they did so in front of his eyes," thought Carla, mother, as she began to wash the dishes.

"Did you betray me today?" Kyle asked Simona, lying together on the bed, stroking her left cheek.

"Mmmh ... a boy looked at me with a smear ... but ... there is no comparison", Simona answered, while with her hand she took the hand of her man, loving to feel so pampered.

"And you betrayed me today?", He added.

"I have not seen anyone have a ray of sweetness that emanates your eyes ... even today".

Simona smiling, she said, "Oh well", then she looked wise, "Shine on us, Lord, the light of your face!".

"Nooo! Even today!" Kyle answered.

"All right, all right," said Simona, and clung to him. It was their game of love and confidence ... even today they were for each other.

In the nightstand a small red bible, written Tabor, on a wall the image of St. Francis going to meet Jesus on the cross.

"Hey ... you say we could ... love each other more?" Kyle advanced.

"After ..." she answered.

"All right," he replied, "but I warn you that it's very difficult to control yourself."

"Do you think the difficulty is not mutual?" Said Simona.

He was not very old-fashioned Simona, but he believed in God and certain laws of the Church, and he was waiting for marriage. It was part of the church choir and sometimes she tried to open Kyle's eyes about God. Kyle liked the girl, in her sweetness and other things - she's one with whom to raise a family is not a utopia - she thought, but He did not like the idea of the existence of God, after the separation of his parents by the will of his father, who was often present at Mass on Sunday, but never thought of the family.

He kissed the girl's hands, and then the whole arm ... was in short sleeves. Simona let herself be kissed and repeated "Puppy ... my puppy ...".

"Ah, now that I remember ... today I dreamed something strange," Kyle said.

"Thing?". Kyle told her the dream.

"Gabriel is an archangel ... talk to you now, who knows what it means".

"But go, imagine if that was ... a strange but interesting dream ..." Kyle answered carelessly.

"I like it!", Said Simona, "fight the savages for me".

## **Small waves**

They were out of town. "You'll see you'll like it," Simona had said. "I was there at my friend's wedding, Rachel, for her wedding dinner, it's called the lake of the three municipalities". "Why is it called that?" Kyle had asked. "Because there are three towns around, perhaps," Simona had replied.

There was a large park in this lake, with numerous evergreen trees and a long walk. Kyle parked in the shade. A hug and immediately immersed in the green. "But look ... the ducks! Sentile! What awkward".

Four ducks were walking on a bank, then immediately submerged in the water at the arrival of strangers. Kyle found a flat stone and threw it into the water.

"One, two ... five rebounds!" exclaimed Simona.

They went on along the path, which among many trees bordered the lake. It was spring ...

"Everything has a new color now," said Simona. "But look how beautiful, how colorful, and it's all a gift, it's all a gift!".

Kyle was puzzled, "whose ... of God?".

"Whose else?". Simona hugged him and held him, then a whisper, "One day I want you with me in Paradise". He looked at him inquiringly, then added "we have so many signs of His greatness, His love ... why do we hurt so much the earth and among us?".

Kyle sympathized and squeezed her hand. "If God had done all this but had not done you, I would feel nothing".

Simona looked at him, then said, "Without you i'm nothing ... it's the title of a Placebo song ... What a sweet song you are ... I love you ...".

If someone could describe kisses of love, perhaps he could describe the kiss that Simona gave to Kyle, but as a painter he would not be able to describe the harmony and the living beauty of the place except as a pale reflection, so who he writes he can not describe what was a kiss from Simona for Kyle. He was annihilating each other and discovering one, perhaps.

Simona remained a little ecstatic in hugging him, then, almost a whisper "But do you know that you're sweet?" Said Simona. "Actually, I want you with me in Paradise".

"Why are you talking to me like this now?" Kyle answered.

"Because I wish you were prepared for marriage as a Christian," she said.

"I am not", he replied a bit 'melancholy, shrugging his shoulders, "but I tell you with all my heart."

"I know," she answered.

They sat on a bench, Simona watched the small waves, the movement of pine twigs on the water.

"Look how lovely everything is ... everything is immersed in sweetness and

love ... so many cold men ... see things with their hearts they will bow before the majesty of all this and they would not do everything the evil they are doing to nature ".

"You say they would stop thinking about profit?" Kyle replied.

"I say they would be ashamed ... this can not be exchanged for a gold bar".

"I can not see what you see ... I can not become a Christian ... too many things wrong to say that there is God ... and if there is up there and maybe does not see".

Simona squeezed his hand "But he gave you me ... closer than that".

### **The last breath**

She was a rather strange friend Daisy, she had little talk with Simona and was a bit skeptical about everything, she criticized a lot, even the professors of the history faculty, was obscure. Simona did not feel attracted by this but she had told her "I need to talk about me, I need a close serious friend". So that evening he was alone with her on a bench in the Moretti park, talking.

"I feel lonely ... the guys I go to are all tough guys, you know ... the metalheads ...".

"Try then to change friendships, to get away from that environment, no?", Answered Simona.

"You try everything, but you know ... there is also drugs ...".

"If you want to ask God for help together. His love can free you".

That made a grimace of disgust.

In that came another girl and two boys, dressed in leather coats, each with a mischievous look at the other.

"Is she?" They said.

"Here you are the baby with rose water, all prayers and bullshit," Daisy exclaimed.

In that one Simona came a thump to the heart, felt betrayed and looked at the sudden unknown.

"How?" He shouted.

The one with the long hair looked around and seeing that no one came he drew a dagger and a black flag with a five-pointed star.

"Or deny your God or you will see what we do to the beautiful Madonna".

Simona screamed "Help! Help! She wants to kill me!", And she started to run away but that took her by the hair.

Daisy stuck her hand over her mouth and the other said, "So what do you choose? Do you want to be a welcome sacrifice to my king?"

Simona shook her head, waving no, and the other fellow said, "Do you deny your God?"

Simona nodded again, convinced, with tears streaming from his eyes. There were noises, he did not hold back "And be it!", He cried, as he stuck the dagger into her abdomen, several times.

"Let's run away!", Shouted the girls, while the young man left the little flag on Simona's face, now dying, on the ground.

"I saw you!", A woman's voice shouted.

He was a barbarian, he shouted "Help, help".

"Kill her!" the other boy shouted.

"No people are coming!".

They escaped quickly, "he does not know us so much," he said. They had flown away when the first passer-by came to the old lady's call. First he called the ambulance, then the 113.

"Hold on!", He told her, but Simona exhaled the last breath, only this came out: "Ky ...".

### **She was a saint**

Anguish and darkness, Kyle immediately came to Carla's phone call, but the body had already been taken away, the parents had already recognized their daughter before the police.

"But how!?!", Kyle sobbed in tears. The policemen were checking for reports.

"Nooo!" He shouted. He punched his car in percussion, while covering his mouth with one hand. "God, nooo!"

Carla approached him and held him, sobbing too.

"They were satanists," he said. "They left their own banner".

"Kill them!" Kyle shouted.

One of the policemen said, "Calm down, calm ... a patrol has already tracked down two of them, they were divided, but they correspond to the descriptions, we take care of justice".

Kyle bit his lip, weeping, his face in despair. "She was a saint ...", she said, kneeling in the bowels contrite for too much pain.

"Come with us," said Giulio, her father.

### **One day I want you with me in Paradise**

It was two months now that Kyle was in mourning. The work had immediately left him. "If you want to come back," the superiors had told him, "Now I can not do it, it's too hard for me," the young man replied. At the funeral of her, several university students had participated, as well as five friends of Kyle, from the group she was dating on Saturday. It was late evening and he was sitting in the armchair, with a bottle of beer in his hand. His mother, Giuseppina, with whom he lived, had already gone to sleep. Kyle was like one who avoids thinking and at the same time has a fixed thought in one

thing. He did not know why. His friends had tried to comfort him, but he had closed and so he was waiting for his return. One of them had told him a month before, "Courage, you'll take life back in your hands, I love you, all your friends love you". He was the best, Giovanni, but more than that he did not know what to give, and he had retired.

A girl, Licia, affable and always in love with him, had tried to tell him "if you want we go out together, you are distracted". He gave her a melancholy smile, but it was clear that his heart was all in Simona.

The story had affected all of the beautiful country, so much so that he too had been questioned by journalists, but what a pain to talk about her like that. They had quickly gone to the facts with the wrongdoers, from the court were voices of seven to eight years for the three present up to eighteen years of imprisonment for the perpetrator of the murder. They had confessed, proud of belonging to satan, that they had the order to offer him a worthy sacrifice. Kyle and Italy were horrified. He had followed everything, every phase, every sentence, every newscast, being sometimes taken up and questioned by journalists, to whom he always repeated the same things, "It was sweet, it was solar ... Christian true and simple ... wanted the good of everyone ... did not hate anyone ... we had to get married soon ... I can not forgive those, I want at least life imprisonment for them! ". The media had not transmitted much of these phrases, if not the last two, the ones that most shocked human souls.

Kyle did not smoke, but in this last month he had smoked a package a day. The room smelled of smoke in fact, and Giuseppina asked him not to be reduced in that state. "There are those who are worse than this, from what I've seen!" Kyle replied. With her she always had a relationship a bit 'rancorous because she was too aggressive with her husband, being so partly part of the separation (of divorce had not yet spoken), but to tell the truth in those two months had been more embraced than ever in pain.

In the last month something had done, after a month of crying in bed. He had begun to go to the lake of the three municipalities, twice, and then in some mountains of Friuli, the Canin, the Amariana, the Chiampon. In nature he felt he could find her, his love, remembering how he loved creation. He tried to find his life in what he saw, but in reality he had so much of that melancholy that he barely felt alive by nature. To tell the truth on the Amiana had met at the top a statue of the Madonna. He had picked flowers and placed them under it saying "if you are here, please give them to her ... help me too ... please." But he had heard nothing but a little peace, attributed more to the place than anything else, and so he shouted "Why did he allow it?!? Why do not you take me now?!?".

Suddenly he jumped up and went to the bathroom. He opened the hot water in the tub and took a knife from the room. He undressed, immersed himself in it

and made to cut on his wrists, but like a cold wind he took his face and felt himself inside an imperious "No". He shook his head in fear, and remained motionless with his eyes closed for ten minutes, quieting. Then the thought, - one day I want you with me in Paradise ".

### **The senior**

The terrain was not particularly steep, but Kyle was panting in a sweat. "Strange," he thought to himself, "it does not usually happen to me." He had chosen Mount Sernio that morning, and walked with a faint sense of pleasure, he looked around and it seemed nature told him "You are there. In fact Kyle could see the shrubs, the plants, the ground with new delicacy, it seemed Simona told him "I love you!" from everything around him, or at least he would say it with the nature that she had so loved.

The walk was simple and surrounded by greenery. Soon it opened onto a beautiful wooden shelter. Kyle entered it. It was on two floors, simple. There was a wood-burning oven and two tables with wooden chairs. Above a room with some beds. Kyle stopped gasping, reinvigorated, took a cigarette and lit it, when a man came into the shelter.

"It's all wood here, be careful," he told him.

"I'll be careful," he replied.

The man was old, had a thick white beard and thinning hair, white as snow.

"Morissi in a pyre I would be happier," he whispered to himself and if Kyle.

"Where are you from?" The elder asked.

"City," he said.

"It's good to walk a bit 'to the true green? It must be boring always in gray".

"It reminds me of a person".

"Have you lost it?".

"Yes, the Goi case ... the news have talked about it" (Goi was the surname of Simona and his father, Giulio).

"I do not follow the news very much, what is it?"

Kyle was in the mood to talk, "Simona Goi is the young woman I had to marry, brutally murdered by Satanists with four stabs in the abdomen."

"Oh my God!", The old man withdrew a bit 'in itself, "I'm sorry, I did not want to recall memories ... how crazy madness ... why such a gesture?".

"It was Christian".

The old man quieted himself, then said, "I am too ... but out of the world you forget certain truths of the Gospel, I am sorry for you, son."

Kyle became interested. "Are you a consecrated one?".

"I am a hermit, please, my name is Daniel," and he stretched out his hand. The young man grabbed her with his energetic grip.

"Pleasure, I Kyle, do you live here?"

"No, this is a refuge, I have a home a little further".

"How do you live like this? It must be nice to stay away from the world ... sometimes".

"I'm very close to me instead", replied the old man. He added "every day I pray for the most varied people, every day I have someone to spend the day". Kyle sat down on a wooden chair, seeing the hermit do the same, then said, "I thought you were more for yours, you hermits, you were praying for your soul."

"For that it is enough a little prayer in reparation of one's own sins, and then think of one's neighbor, one must have others at heart and God care about you." If one says "I love God" but hates his brother, he is a liar: because he who does not love his brother whom he has seen can not love God whom he has not seen, says Scripture. "

Kyle lit up to hear him "that's what she did too".

"Thing?".

"Citing passages from the Bible".

The elder was pleased. "She was a good Christian then, a loyal of those series".

Kyle burst into tears. "He was ... and I miss him ... Why ... Why did God do this?".

The old man frowned "If ever because men have done this, when God from the sunrise at sunset and beyond it does so much for everyone, good and bad ... How is it possible that they are so unjust? answer in many ways, but if you want I can also say "Come and see", it takes time to understand certain things Are you a practicing Christian? "

"No ... I do not even know if I'm a Christian," Kyle replied.

"You are not a Christian".

"How can you say that?".

"Because you do not know".

Kyle sighed. "Maybe a little 'I believe it, thanks to her ... it was solar".

"Come and see," the man said slowly and calmly. "I live in a little house two hundred meters from here, but no one forbids that in this shelter there can be a thirsty for the truth for a few days If you have no commitments I can help you".

"To do what?", Kyle answered confused.

"To find a reason not to despair, a sense, to find a reason to get up and live".

### **I will give you a sign**

Kyle slept, a normal sleep. He had taken the old man back to his little house, if that ruin could be said to be so, and told him he would think about it. The proposal was not bad and genuinely tempted Kyle to stay out of the world a little longer. It felt a bit like a void that needs to be filled, now that Simona

was not there, but that, as long as it is empty, does not make sense to live. "I will give you a sign". This felt Kyle in a dream, while here he saw Simona resting his hand on the elderly sitting. He woke up and in the silence he contemplated the dream. Then the smile.

### **Holy Scriptures**

"I remembered it and told myself: I find it in every verse, because she used to say it from time to time ... she must have taken it to heart and I'm getting closer to faith ... If you could ...".

Kyle had not introduced himself twice to Simona's house to talk to his parents. He had apologized for showing himself so little but everything reminded him of the past.

"I can understand," said Giulio, who had now gone to his room to get the small Bible bound in red plastic.

Giving it to him he said "it's the best you can do to remember it, treat it with all the respect you have". Then he hugged him. "You know ... for me there were serious things like you were alone in the room ... and now ... some things I did not even know ... I apologize for the gruff behaviors, you wanted to love her sincerely".

"I tell her that her daughter was an angel, and she wanted to wait for the wedding." Our intimacy was tenderness. "

Giulio smiled, and replied, "It will be in Heaven now ... this makes me happy, but when I think about what he had to suffer, my heart is torn apart".

Kyle said, "We must try to think about what has left us beautiful ... if I did not do so I would be drunk every day or drugs, but the memory of his sweetness does not stop to accompany me".

And so Kyle, accompanied by a handshake of the father of Simona and Carla, the mother, went out and after shopping for tins of cans and beans and ready meals came home to prepare a small baggage and sleeping bag to take away.

Giuseppina, the mother, was worried. "How long will you stay away?"

"I do not know, but it's a peaceful situation ...", Kyle looked at her with a gentle eye, then added "rather than being here crying on me!".

"See that you do not put too many strange ideas on that, to make you a hermit or something."

Our mother noticed the anxiety and smiled, but said "Tonight I dreamed of Simona holding a hand on his shoulder, as if to tell me: he will help you."

She lowered her eyes. Then he said, "What a strange sign, this tells me that God exists and exists, but prudence".

### **Radio**

Kyle drove with a certain sweetness into the soul. He felt he was in the

right place at the right time, that things were readjusting. "Maybe someone guides me," he thought to himself. The mountains had appeared for about ten minutes. "Another three quarters of an hour for Sernio," he said to himself. Sweetness came from the dream.

- It's not over, we're still together, I feel it - smiled blissfully.

The radio was on, but the music was not to his liking. He changed station.

Kyle shuddered, stepped onto the emergency lane and stopped at the first pitch. He sighed deeply.

He had never heard it but recognized it by words. The radio transmitted the song Without you i'm nothing.

Kyle squeezed his face in his hands and a wave of tears wet it. He repeated to himself "Oh my God ... Simona ...". But it was not a desperate cry, it was the song of hope. "You're close to me, Simona ... Come on," he said to himself then, "let's get out of hell."

### **The kingdom of heaven**

"On us is the power of the Holy Spirit, which does not manifest itself as an earthquake, but as a light wave that bathes you and gives you hope." The Holy Spirit is with us "

Kyle smiled at the old man to whom he had told the dream and the sign of the song. "It's a gift, it's all a gift," he replied. To which the young man again with tears gripped his hand tightly with the impulse of his soul.

- It is not possible! - he had thought - the same words! -.

He had parked in a safe place and after about half an hour of walking, here he was with the elderly hermit.

"I'm glad you came, a case like yours really needs God's presence".

"I believe it," the young man said, his eyes bright with hope, "I believe him."

"Well," replied the old man, "then let's start".

They sat at the same table as the previous time. The elder began.

"We are like channels, channels that can be blessings or curses, and we, only us, choose which side to stay, in a period of experience that is long the same whole life. If you do good to others you will return If you do evil, evil returns to you, if not in physical life then in consciousness, waiting for your judgment, to believe in good is important, because it puts you on the right path, to believe in God even more "

"Now I'm starting to believe it," Kyle replied.

Daniel smiled, then went on to say "To do good has more forms, and the spirit molds you ... I will teach you a better way: prayer: doing good opens the heart, opens the soul, teaches you to love, to be. pray to open yourself to the supernatural intelligence of the things of the kingdom of heaven, or you will not understand them. The soul is like a container, a container where the devils

want to enter and where the kingdom of God wants to live free. In the spirit the demons want to put tar, filth and poison, and want to plant the plants of the vices that give poisonous fruits in your soul. The opposite is the Holy Spirit, the saints and the angels. They want to plant and infuse only good things: the virtues and the value of good works. Follow me?".

"Yes a bit".

"The words that I tell you do not worry if you understand them right away: worry about welcoming them, and they will seem bright and clear when the right time will be ... Now," and he clasped his hands, "... you know that human body is made of various things, head, arms, legs, heart, belly, but also red and white blood cells, stomach, liver, skin, brain, eyes, and all work together for the efficiency of the organism. the Mystical Body of Jesus, with the difference that He is the head and the heart and we are his members. Humanity, but in particular the Church, is the Mystical Body of Jesus. You can be a finger, I am a nerve, or you're a red blood cell that", he smiled, "with me as an instrument is now going through the lungs to take a breath of fresh air! "

Kyle smiled. "And the various organs?" He said.

"Those can be the various religious congregations, each with its own charisma: everything is called to live in unity, one for the other for the good of all, to be an active and not dead part of this organism".

Kyle looked at him "What should I do?".

"I know, it's already as strong as I told you, so let's give it time, and now I'll teach you to pray the Rosary, we pray for you and for these days here that it can help you in your life".

"Thanks," the young man nodded.

## **Prayer**

They had now prayed the rosary when the old man asked the young man "Did you ever say that?".

"As a child, it seems heavy".

"It's normal that at the beginning you look boring, but the good things of life at first seem harsh, like work, but then give a sense and joy of doing good! And then with the rosary we approach the sweetest of mothers ... "

"How much do you pray?".

The elder smiled, "All day long".

"How do you do?". "It depends on what you mean by prayer, I see it as an encounter with those who made me, an overwhelming encounter that aspires you, like love".

"But it must be boring a little".

"No, the more you pray the more you want to pray, but I told you that it depends on what prayer is for you, for me all that leads to the Kingdom of

heaven is prayer, even to speak to you of God".

"And what else?" Kyle asked.

"Work, if you do it with love, think and meditate on things up there, make sacrifices and sacrifices, love others, be generous, available, read the Gospels, contemplate what God has created, take a walk, prepare to eat or wash the dishes and do the little things at home, especially if they lighten other people's weights, do good works, charity or other, give food and dress to the poor, everything you can love God and neighbor".

"Well, it's not like I've washed so many dishes, I've always let my mother go, but I worked, until ... at Simona's death". Kyle looked down.

"So it was called?"

"So".

"It's a beautiful name ... Do you know what else is praying? Remember sweetly all that she was and gave you".

Kyle smiled, "So I pray a lot".

The elder also smiled. "Another important thing is to thank, I believe that one can not be truly Christian if he does not know how to be grateful to God for something".

"I have a bit of difficulty to thank now".

"It is precisely by thanking that God will give you to understand the good hidden behind all things!

"And how should I thank?"

"I advise you to begin like this: thank God for your life as it is: ten minutes the Father, ten minutes the Son, ten minutes the Holy Spirit. << Thank God for my life as it is >>, << Thank you Jesus for my life as it is >>, etc. At the beginning simple foul but you can also thank for small episodes and thanks that you had, you will never get to the end".

"There are so many things for which to thank? It makes me a little 'spite to thank now ... that took me," he bit his lip.

The old man took his hand "Discover him little by little and the blindness will disappear." St. Paul says that we must always thank in every situation, and throw every trouble into God, who knows how to take care of yourself better than yourself. Now, it's evening, and I'll leave you to meditate and think, do this tonight and tomorrow morning, waiting for me, I'll arrive around ten, if you want to have a walk".

"All right," Kyle replied.

"What did you bring?"

"The sleeping bag, a change and some things to eat in a box".

"Good, then good meditation and goodnight, see you tomorrow".

The old man stood up and, holding his hand to Kyle, went away.

Kyle sighed, "Mamma mia," he thought, "how many things you know."

## **Gospel**

He thanked and ate Kyle when he had put on a comfortable cot to rest. He had felt a certain relief in thanking, he had come to mind a whole series of beautiful past events and had said thanks for these. He also thanked for many moments with Simona.

Thinking of Simona, one thing occurred to him. He took the small bible from his backpack pocket and kissed it, opened it and looked at his index finger. He saw that the Gospel was written among the last things and went to the Gospel according to Matthew, the first, and began to read it. He rejoiced to read in chapter 3 John the Baptist say of Jesus << He has his fan in his hand, he will completely clean his threshing floor and gather his wheat in the barn, but he will burn the chaff with unquenchable fire >>. He smiled, "Then some justice is about those damned." If those are not cleansed! -. Then he read in chapter 4 << Not only will man live of bread, but of every word that comes from the mouth of God >>, and he thought about how he had accepted all the words spoken by the hermit. He had not tired of following him, it was as if he were revealing new and ancient things to him, as if he knew inside that it was the truth but he had never heard it said that. He had felt hungry for those words, and now he wanted to know more, more and more. - What a great Jesus! -, he thought when he read that he healed and freed the sick and the possessed persons. He did not realize, but his knowledge and admiration for Jesus was beginning to take shape. He was beginning to know a man different from everyone else.

He read the Beatitudes last.

<< Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are those who are afflicted, for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

Blessed are those who are hungry and thirsty for justice, for they will be satisfied.

Blessed are the merciful, for their mercy will be done.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

Blessed are those who work for peace, because they will be called sons of God.

Blessed are the persecuted for the sake of justice, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you, when they will insult you and persecute you, and lying all kinds of evil against you because of me. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in the heavens; for thus they persecuted the prophets who were before you. >>. Kyle thought. - I am a distressed, and now that I have approached God I feel so much consolation. But think ... The last one looks just written for Simona. She was hated for her faith. Will it have a big prize? Here he says that

she is blessed ... but she was a saint really then ... my Simona ... She does not say that God protects from being killed for Jesus ... What do I do? It is because of Jesus this. But she was good. Who do I hate, Jesus or who took it from me? But if she was good, it's because of this book ... "Kyle fell asleep between these words, reassured.

## **Believe in Jesus**

Made a frugal breakfast and a short walk to see if the car was okay, Kyle was completing the prayer of thanks sitting on the entrance step of the shelter, when he saw Daniel arrive.

"Peace to you," he said.

"Peace," answered the young man.

"So how was your first night? Have you rested well?"

"I rested very well, I have to say, it was a while since I slept like that, I even had a walk up to the car to see if it was all right".

"Fear that you will steal something here?"

"For safety".

"All right," smiled the old man.

"I read the Gospel last night".

"What did you find there?"

"I found that I am afflicted and now consoled, and that Simona is blessed".

"You have read the beatitudes, well, then know this: who you come to meet here is not me, but it is Jesus who is among us".

Kyle said, "How can you say that?"

"I was young in my faith too", answered Daniele.

"Jesus did many good things, I read that he healed people, who freed the demoniacs".

"Jesus is God, but to discover God in your heart it takes time and goodness and prayer".

Kyle said, "I think I have time, why do not you tell me about Him?"

"Excellent thing now, let's go in". They entered and sat at the usual place.

"In the Gospel of St John Jesus says << God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life".

"Wait, I'll get the Bible," he said, fleeing Kyle, and coming back with the little book in his hand. He added, "Do you know what chapter?", While he thought that Simona had believed in him.

"Chapter 3 verse 16".

Kyle looked at him open-mouthed "But you know these things here too?"

"Many, not all, however". He said this as one who is conscious of having much.

Kyle was puzzled, then he searched. He continued to read. "<< In fact God did

not send his Son into the world to judge the world, but because the world is saved through him Who believes in him is not judged, who does not believe is already judged, because he has not believed in the name of The only begotten Son of God. The judgment is this: the light has come into the world and men have preferred darkness to light, because their works were evil, because whoever does evil things hates the light and does not come to the light, so that His works are not discovered, but whoever puts the truth into practice comes to light so that his works may be manifested, because they are made in God >> ".

The elder sighed. "See, believing in God means believing in the good, in the good, and this will lead you to love Jesus. Loving Jesus does not only mean the physical person but the good in all its forms, since good men love good, and all the well it is summarized in Jesus. There are in fact sometimes atheists who are saved and Christians even those who do not save themselves. It depends on how one approaches truth, life, one's own moral rules. Jesus did not say his words, but Father, and said that those who listen to the Father come to Him. Because I tell you Father, because He is the Son, and we to be children we must accept that it is He who redeems and saves us, because we are not our children but we are children adoptive ones, in him ".

"Understood," Kyle replied, "It means that I must believe in Him to be a child of God."

"Yes, it means this, if you believe in Him, believe in the words He has given, and come to the light because you repose the darkness under which you were buried, now why do you repose the darkness? Because I am your evil, and because you love the light, because if you are truthful you understand that the truth is the one that saves you. I give you an example: have you ever done things that you never told anyone because it makes you ashamed? ".

"Yes, I have," he said.

"Those things are buried in your consciousness, it can be masturbation, it can be stealing, it can be hating, killing or envy, it's things that need to be brought to light, because you're not trapped anymore and you breathe a sigh of relief. Confession is for this ".

"Confession? Do you mean when you go to a priest and say what you would not say?"

At the beginning it is hard because it can make you feel ashamed, but when you confess there with the priest there is Jesus, and you can be freed from the one that oppressed you .. Just say with determination and sincerity your shortcomings, and that you regenerate, because when the priest absolves you, whatever priest he is, you are washed by the Blood of Jesus ".

"Is this why Jesus died? To wash me from evil?"

"To save you, and to give you eternal life, He has taken your death upon you

too, so that you may live in hope".

"Are you a priest?" Asked the young man.

"Yes", answered Daniele.

"Then confess me".

### **The light yoke**

They had just finished confessing.

Kyle said, "You know, I feel lighter."

"When one believes in confession it is so, never mind who confesses you, but how you confess it is important."

"What do you still tell me about Jesus?"

"I could talk to you for months and have not exhausted the topic," Daniele said, smiling, then added "now you have come to light. The darkness you had before could make you stay in them, because you were used to it and you could be afraid of losing something in rights not to remain on your own, and instead you have opened my soul, or rather you have opened it to Jesus, and now you feel free and you are now You can tell yourself Christian and you know why? Because you believed in Jesus and you have not been afraid, so you are regenerated in baptism, for confession is a sort of second baptism, and baptism is what makes you a child of God. Now you should feel light and perky, fresh as a child. "

"I am," laughed Kyle, who realized that for the first time in months after the fact his heart was free of melancholy.

"Here," said the hermit, "this is coming to light".

"Just this?"

"After a while you will see that every day you have to come to light every day". Kyle realized that it was a while he did not smoke. "How come?", He asked Daniele. "Because you are free from the chains that anchored you to smoke, but that's because now you feel yourself resurrect."

Kyle threw the pack of cigarettes into the trash can, "I smoked a month," he said.

"Well then it was a nothing, you just needed to open up again to live, to make a meeting".

"Could be".

"Not with me, I say, with Jesus. See, the work that God asks is not so much to do something, but to believe in His Son, and the rest does all of Him. It does not mean you're not supposed to do anything Jesus said that those who want to come after him must take his cross every day and follow him: it means that with him things are simpler, lighter, read Gospel of Mark 11, 28-30 "

Kyle searched. "Come to me all you who are fatigued and oppressed, and I will restore you, take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am meek and

humble of heart, and you will find rest for your souls; My yoke is sweet and my load is light >>. Here it is ".

"As you see, Jesus makes you light, he opens your soul, makes you serene, He tells you to carry the cross behind him, but here he also tells you that the bulk of the weight keeps him. you can also be a Cyrenian for him and for others ".

"What does Cyreneo mean?".

"Simon the Cyrenian was the man who helped Jesus carry the cross, representing humanity that helps Christ".

"No, no, I have enough for now," Kyle said, smiling.

"Come," Daniele said, "let's take a walk".

## **Forgiveness**

As they walked toward the foot of the rocky part of the mountain, standing on the wide path, the hermit said, "I told you that we are channels of blessings and curses, now, do you know what that means?"

"No ... that we are united?".

"More or less, we sometimes want a person to be different from what he is, and we create our own image of how we want it, and so when that person is not according to our patterns, it makes us angry. bless the real person, the real person you deal with, but only an idea you have ... God collaborates with us and to bless that person he uses you, only he can not give what he wants because you do not accept it as it is. There are these cases in your life? ".

Kyle sighed "my father ... he left my mother and I do not understand him ... he goes to Mass".

"Why do not you understand that?".

"Because it is inconsistent".

"He had to keep his cross that was to try to stay close to the person he would not want anymore, but he wanted her, and this means that there is still love that has to be vivified under the grudge. Christians, and I would say it's good if you meditate on it ".

"Sorry why?".

"Because families need to be united, especially for their children, God knows how to do things well, why should we make things more difficult just because we never go to suffer a little?"

"But if you fight so much ...".

"... Please pray for one another and resentment turns into love." Prayer works wonders, which is exactly what I was telling you ... families are breaking up because of this inability to accept each other as they << Thanks God for my husband, I accept it as it is >> half an hour a day, it's so hard to say ... Experience with the people that most bother you ... You'll see how you live then, with what harmony " .

"Should I do it for all those who are on the boxes?", Said the young man "I do not finish anymore", he added, laughing.

"You have to do it first of all for your parents, who understand that some wounds have left you, but anyway, it's duty, and then for all the people you would not even give your hand to, until you feel you would hold it tight and that you would talk to us This is the true Christian forgiveness that makes you free the heart, and it can take years of normal life, hours and hours of prayer, to be brought to completion.If you are closed you must also reopen. a great one does this, and you will not be in trouble with God because in addition to being forgiven you have forgiven yourself: forgiveness is the apex of what Jesus did on the cross, he forgave his crucifiers and all the humanity that crucifies him every day ".

Kyle thumped in his heart. "All I have to forgive? There are people I can not forgive ... they stabbed her."

"I do not ask you this, it is legitimate that you do not want to be at peace with them, but if you want you can do it: pray because they repent".

"it is hard to want this for me ... But who repents you save? So bad no, right?".

"Even so bad, it is enough that you renounce evil and seek good day by day, God is merciful, he wants all saved ... But do you know what hell is for eternity? as long as the grains of sand of a beach would be taken and taken to Paradise forever, that would rejoice and jump from joy like never before! The worst suffering is to no longer have God after saying no with life and at judgment! not wanting our eternal salvation, in order to atone for sins, the purgatory is enough, even that ".

"But is it so terrible?" Kyle shuddered.

"It is better to learn how to love and think about death often, how we would like to find it then we will be judged on love, but do you know that it is heaven instead? What is the eternal reward for those who love? things, problems and difficulties are not outside of you but in your pride, you forgive until you want to embrace the whole world and you will no longer have difficulty in loving; on the contrary, you will always be in joy and joy ".

They had arrived at the rocks and had gone behind, with the idea of going to eat something.

"I would talk to you hours," Kyle said, "I would never stop."

"But now it is worthwhile to learn that you will find out that forgiveness and intercession are among the most important things I teach you." You are in the mystical body of Christ, you are also connected to all other beings and you can not abort them by hating them. you are abortive, but you must want their good as you can, and so the bonds of rancor are broken, the wounds heal and take their place bonds of love, of joy, luminous bonds that allow your true being to come out without fear and no longer being inside the shell, in short,

your most beautiful character will no longer be just for the privileged few " .

"We're all in connection!" Kyle said cheerfully, "Okay, I've had enough for now. Do you want us to pray?"

"Let's say the rosary for your father, forgive him for leaving your family and for his conversion".

"For your conversion, you say you do not have to be a believer, all right, thank you."

Between one prayer and another, along the way they stopped at the hermit's cottage that took the necessary food and something useful for the afternoon.

Returning to the shelter they stopped outside to finish the rosary.

At the end Kyle said "how should I pray?" I say, how should you? "

Daniele replied "it is something that you learn little by little, you learn to clear the mind, which is (was in my case) always full of confusion. The prayer must be said with attention of mind and heart in what is said, and gradually the mind is freed, then you learn that you must focus with your thoughts on who you are praying, have an open heart as you say "God ... see some of this person", and maybe even listen to the presence of God, stand before him, and so improve your way of praying and your communion with God, little by little, avoid distracting prayers as much as you can " .

"Okay ... Now ... mmh mmh mmmh ... sorry but I'm hungry ... are we eating?"

"Let's eat", and Daniele laughed.

### **Preparation for Mass**

"I confessed to you ... Now if you want I'll prepare you for Mass. We can celebrate it later, I have everything I need," Daniele said.

"All right," Kyle replied inside thinking - what a bore! - .

"You are made like a sponge", he began, "all the things you do gradually make you experience the love of God, and this is the most important thing." The love of God makes us new creatures. free from the old man that we were and regenerate us in Christ Jesus. And if you convert yourself to the love of God, a thousand people are converted around you because they see it in you, so you understand that to convert is to enter the love of God. The Mass is the most dignified form of prayer. When I raise the bread and break it you can think of being on the mountain of Calvary with Jesus Crucified that still gives his life for you and for all. St Pio of Pietrelcina said that it is easier than the earth can stand without sun instead of without Mass. Every day sin is committed and every day Jesus continues to give his life for us to save us. It is a great sacrifice, He repairs all our shortcomings and malice and gives us life, love, grace, even if he also asks for our willingness to put something on it. Do you know what grace is? It is God himself in you, because you are the son of God. Only Jesus could recover this gift, and only with his passion and death. But do

you think about it? The author of life that loves man so deeply as to die for him, to never leave him alone ".author of life that loves man so deeply as to die for him, to never leave him alone ".author of life that loves man so deeply as to die for him, to never leave him alone ".

"It's a wonderful thing," Kyle said.

"And it should be lived with love and respect, now you're okay ... I'm sure you'll understand it well over time ... I'm sure Jesus is that bread and that wine, I do not just believe that Jesus is that consecrated bread, but for you to believe I tell you that for a certain period in communion I felt His Spirit hovering in me, in my poor flesh, it is really Him! Anyway ... we are not alone, especially in these moments, and therefore try to behave well inwardly ".

"But some bad thoughts come to me!" Kyle replied.

Daniel added, "Because you need to pray, God allows this, the important thing is that you do not want it, then the mind will clear.

## **Passion**

That afternoon Daniele and Kyle spoke again.

"I think spiritual exercises are coming to an end," said Daniel, "I have to talk to you about one last thing, then you will be ready to pray with prayer what I told you." I speak to you of the Word of God. he believes in him listening to his voice. The Holy Scriptures are not simply human works but they are written eschatological, given by the Holy Spirit, and they always have something new to reveal. The words that I say are spirit and life, said the Lord, this means that you can take possession of what they say for the nourishment of your soul. The body needs food, the soul also, and this food is the most important daily bread. If you feel paralyzed on something, read the Jesus' step that heals the paralytic, and believe that immediately and over time he heals you. taste it, make it yours. If you feel a jar that loses, for something that is not in place ... for example if you can not remain in joy because of the pain, read Jesus who heals the emorroissa and raises the child. Each step, accepted with a suitable spiritual concept, can heal and give you a new push. Do you feel unwanted by your mother or father? Read Psalm 138, 'I praise you because you made me like a prodigy, your works are marvelous, you know me to the end'. You are healed from the Blood that Jesus has shed for you. If this is difficult for you to understand, now simply stand before an image of the Crucifix. Do you know what he did for you, to be your Redeemer? He suffered derision and persecution for three years, after a life of toil and work. He suffered in Gethsemane the weight of the sin of all men, devoured by it and by the Love at the same time, with a pain that no man can ever feel, however high. There he also had your name in mind, and he said yes to his death for you too. I also say because the love of Christ is an individual love, he knows his sheep. He

was beaten up, treated badly, judged by the chiefs, scourged to death, crowned with thorns, judged guilty of death by the same people who had benefited, condemned and finally, after crossing the cross, crucified. He died of a death so hard for you, because he loves you, and this means that he has a passion for man so great that here we do not understand that with prayer, getting closer to Him. This is why prayer is so fundamental and important. Without it we do not understand it, we are dry and without light, while He wants us to know Him and ourselves. Do you want the truth? We are also known in how many hair we have, in every emotion, in every memory, in every word. All of us is known. This is why it is important to make good life. And the best way, the most full of value, even for your future life, is to meditate on Jesus Crucified, if you want to recite the sorrowful mysteries. It is also good to read some mystical revelations about this ".the most full of value, also for your future life, is to meditate on Jesus Crucified, if you want to recite the sorrowful mysteries. It is also good to read some mystical revelations about this ".the most full of value, also for your future life, is to meditate on Jesus Crucified, if you want to recite the sorrowful mysteries. It is good to read also some mystical revelations about this ".

"Did you read them?", Asked the young man.

"Well I read those to the blessed Alexandrina Costa ... and then I read the ten books of the life of Jesus revealed to him by Maria Valtorta".

"Interesting, what's his name?".

"The Gospel is called as it was revealed to me".

"Maybe I get it".

"You see above all to train yourself on these things ... I think I have a little 'experience to tell you that certain things are savored better after a while', when the enthusiasm is creamed", Daniel smiled. Then he said, "Now I go to my things ... Listen ... I had to give you what I had to teach you." What do you intend to do now? "

Kyle replied, "Maybe I'll stop for a little while to pray a few days".

"It seems to me a good idea, Kyle." Now you have these things in your mind, but you need to keep them and meditate on them so that they descend into the heart and become life, so let me leave you a little meditating and praying. prayer must be a heart to heart with God ".

"I will remember him," said the young man.

"One last thing," said the old man, "you need the Holy Spirit and now if you want I can ask for the outpouring of it on you to help you understand everything."

"Alright!" Kyle answered attentively.

Daniel laid his hands on Kyle's head and said, "Good Father, you who gave to the world Jesus Christ for his salvation and did not hesitate and lead him to

death so that we could get back the lost grace, here is your son, I present it to you, His name is Kyle, he believes in Jesus Christ as your only son, Jesus said that it is good for him to come back to you because you would send the Holy Spirit Comforter Well, for this word I ask you to pour this Spirit into him. the Blood of Jesus, for His Passion, Death and Resurrection, I ask you for the most precious tears of Mary Amen ". As soon as he had said these words something opened in Kyle's skull, and a strong and soft heat filled him from inside. He started to fall as if fainting, but Daniel grabbed him and laid him down.

"Stay that way for a while, let the Holy Spirit touch your spirit without pulling you back," he said.

The young man stayed like that for five minutes, if not more, and the heat spread throughout his body. He got up then.

"It's great!" He said, "Now I feel God closer than ever, it's in me!"

### **The merciful Father**

The following days Kyle meditated a lot on the things said, trying to understand them, and felt he understood them more than before, thanks to the effusion. He took the Gospels and read them. He was happy with the simplicity with which he understood the meaning of those words that Jesus said. In particular he liked that of the prodigal son, who felt his. Here it is: << He said again: "A man had two sons." The younger said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of my inheritance, and the father divided the substances among them." After not many days, the younger son He gathered his things, went to a far country, and there he squandered his substance, living as a dissolute, when he had spent everything, in that country a great famine came and he began to find himself in need. of the inhabitants of that region, who sent him to the fields to graze pigs. He wanted to be satisfied with the carobs who ate the pigs; but nobody gave it to him. Then he went back to himself and said: How many salaried men in my father's house have plenty of bread and I'm starving to death! I will get up and go to my father and tell him: Father I have sinned against Heaven and against you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son. Treat me like one of your boys. He left and walked towards his father. When he was still far away his father saw him and moved to meet him, threw himself on his neck and kissed him. The son said to him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son. But the father said to the servants: Soon, bring here the most beautiful dress and put it on, put the ring on his finger and the shoes on his feet. Bring the fat calf, kill him, eat and party, because this my son was dead and he came back to life, he was lost and he was found again. And they began to party >>. Kyle felt that he was young, both for the sins of the past, and for the remoteness of so many years. He was a reconciled,

a resurrected one, and he felt all the love flowing in his life until recently so dry. In the power of the love that had been given to him, he also began to realize that it is for something great that Simona was dead, that there are superhuman realities that the Gospel points out, that perhaps the world is fuller with sin than before to understand. On the other hand, God also allowed somehow something of her to manifest itself somehow.

Kyle thought - it's not over between us. It's not over. One day I will be with her in Paradise -.

He prayed and meditated Kyle. He prayed the rosary, was interested in understanding the sacrifice of Christ, prayed with ejaculations "Jesus love me", "Jesus teach me", "Jesus give me wisdom", and many others that he felt necessary. He also walked, he felt reconcile in the green, in the calm. He felt the presence of God in creation, and he was fascinated by it. "That's what she felt," he told himself. For three days he stayed like that at the shelter. Then he decided it was time to go. Reconciled with life a little 'felt that perhaps looking on the internet would find other spiritual bread, and, after greeting Daniel, went.

### **Heavenly providence**

Hungry for food for the soul, Kyle spent time from morning to evening in front of the internet. He had been looking for comments on the Gospel to understand it better on google, and by chance he had come to know about the apparitions of Mary in Medjugorje. Thus, found on a site the messages, had read them all, from 1981 to today. They were a school of prayer. - Who knows what place is it? - he thought to himself. - I would like to see it -.

In searching for messages, he also came across messages where he found messages from God the Father and Jesus through an internal message to a lady, and he was fascinated by the sweetness with which the Father treated as children the people who read these messages. He could not read them all, but he read several of them. I find Maria's messages on paradise, purgatory and hell. He was fascinated, every day he learned something more and was trained at a very particular school: that of Jesus and Mary.

- He thinks that luck - he thought, - for two thousand years the Madonna has appeared in the most varied places where churches and places of worship have risen, but never has been given so much ... 29 years of apparitions in Medjugorje and millions of people convert over there. Jesus said that the tree is recognized from the fruits, and on this site I find hundreds of testimonies ... you think -.

He did not pray much, except half an hour of thanks, but he told himself that according to what Daniel said, even trying to know God better was prayer. Following the messages of Our Lady, she also began to go to Mass often, even

if at first it seemed to him unimportant. A month passed.

One day Giuseppina had sent him to do the shopping and had to pass in front of a courier service agency. On the door there was a poster with the image of Our Lady of Medjugorje telling of a pilgrimage in fifteen days. He entered and inquired, there were still vacancies. "Here is the hand of the Lord," he told himself. And so, given that the savings had them, he immediately booked.

"In a few days I am going to Medjugorje," he said to his father, who had invited him to dinner.

"Medjugorje? Is not that place where Our Lady appeared?", Said Tarcisio, his father.

"It still appears, I want to see it".

Kyle had told Tarcisio a little about what had happened to him in those months. Not that they had not heard, and even seen a couple of times after Simona's death, but he had remained a bit 'on his because he felt that sometimes you had to hold the precious pearls, and a little' resentment there ' had. Tarcisio brooded. "How are you going?"

"Pilgrimage by coach".

"When?"

Kyle told him the days.

"I would like to stay with you a bit, if you allow me, I'll ask for a few days off work and I'll come too".

"Daddy, he can go yes, I'm a bit scared to be there for four days among old ladies".

"So we do something together, it takes us every now and then". Tarcisio smiled. Then he added. "Do you have to book?"

"Yes," Kyle answered.

"Then book for me, thank you". After he looked at him and said, "At work, do you come back? I see you better than last time".

"After the meeting with the hermit, things started to go very well, I had a bit of pain ... After the pilgrimage I think I'll go back to work, but now I need calm".

"A hermit ... But think ... And what he told you, I never heard them at Mass".

"He spends his whole life praying ... something will know," Kyle said with a smile.

"And what did you do this month with your friends?"

"I have read all the messages I could, I have made a Christian formation on the messages of God and Our Lady".

"I have read one or two of those of Medjugorje, but I did not pay attention to them". Tarcisio said.

"Daddy!" Kyle said, "but why are you so far from the divine if you go to Mass?"

"I do not know, I do not think so, it's because I did not think so."

"But then informed! Jesus said << from the fruits you will recognize the tree

>>, and also << Knock and it will be opened, you ask and you will receive >>  
The Gospel is never read The truth must be sought, received, meditated,  
otherwise What kind of a Christian are you, do not you see that you left your  
mother four years ago, a Christian can not do it, it's your cross if you're not  
comfortable with the woman you've chosen, but you have to stay! "

"Listen, there are things that you can not understand, but I come to be with  
you a little, not for me". His father replied a little bit annoyed.

## **Medjugorje**

The trip had been exhausting, especially for his father. Praying three  
rosaries with exorbitant seniors! "I never prayed!", Said Tarcisio to Kyle. Kyle  
smiled, "I start to like it," he replied, "after all we talk to a beautiful woman  
when we say it," he joked. Tarcisio smiled.

They arrived after thirteen hours of travel, in the evening, and had left their  
luggage at the hotel. Then they immediately went to the blue cross in Mount  
Podbrro where the apparitions began to make a moment of silence and  
meditation. They were about forty-three people in all. Kyle and Tarcisio prayed  
to some of them together. After a while they did a common prayer and went to  
sleep.

The next morning they heard the visionary Vicka speak to the group of what  
had happened to her and talk about the messages of Our Lady.

They asked her about the end of the world, she said, "We all wait for the world  
to change, but we have to change, it's an excuse to get away from ourselves  
Our Lady says she did not come to say new things, but simple things".

They asked her why so much optimism in her words, in her faith, in spite of  
certain harsh revelations, answered "Optimism with our brains is not far off ."  
Only optimism with the soul does not go out: it is better to call it 'trust' The  
first thing that asks Our Lady is: to open and clean our heart, to live her  
messages with the heart ... "

He then said how important confession is, going to mass regularly, praying,  
especially the rosary, reading the Bible and fasting bread and water on  
Wednesdays and Fridays. He said that it was the five stones with which Our  
Lady promises to defeat our personal Goliath, like David.

He spoke of the ten secrets entrusted to her and the other five seers, " As for  
secrets, I do not have much to say, for now I have nine and wait for the tenth,  
if and when Our Lady wants to explain them, then we'll know more."

So they asked her if the Madonna would have appeared much longer. She  
replied, "I do not know." Once we asked her until she appeared and she said,  
"Why, did I bother you?" We have not asked since then. "

So Kyle smiled fascinated by the sunny smile of Vicka and his father became  
interested. The young man began to feel the veneration of the Madonna in

him. It was said that it was the Mother of Jesus and his, and would have formed it with its messages well to the Christian faith.

In the afternoon, after eating, they went to Mount Krizevac, where there was the Via Crucis and at the top there was a large concrete cross. Kyle's father began to meditate on the shape of the ground, the sharp rocks, the fatigue in walking barefoot by some, whom he admired for their faith. Something began to stir in him. They prayed the rosary throughout the journey, and finally, upon arriving, Kyle went to kneel at the foot of the cross saying: "this is what saves us, it is this". His father came to gush out, felt his heart open and experienced the love of God. He hugged Kyle and said to him in tears "Sorry, sorry for all the evil I've done." The Lord is good, I do not I was ... I did not know it ". Kyle gently held it, saying, "I love you Dad, just as you are."

Coming back down the side street Kyle saw an old woman dressed as a peasant woman, with lots of rosaries in a basket.

He approached and asked her "How much for a rosary?". The old woman did not know Italian, but understood. With his fingers he motioned for two euros. Kyle gave her a banknote of five, and she took his hand in gratitude with such delicacy and bounty that Kyle was impressed with that scene as a sign of the Lord calling him to love the poor.

In the evening they went to Eucharistic adoration and this time it was Kyle who was crying, thinking of Simona, of the separation from her, of many things.

Something strange appeared to him in his sleep: "I'm Gabriel, help me!" He had dreamed of it again, but there was a new detail, a kind of bad man trying to stop him from approaching Gabriel. "If you do you will suffer and you will have a hideous life!", He said. Soon the man, who had a sort of cloak, turned into a man-shaped snake, and tried to force him to bow to him with his hands. But Kyle turned to the other side and shouted "Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on me!", And so he woke up, with the name of Jesus between his lips.

The next day in the morning they went to Mass and then heard Father Ljubo explain the messages. Kyle was beginning to feel like a wave of love on every side, but the one who warned her most was Tarcisio, who felt that he had been a lukewarm Christian until then. During the break he bought rosaries, devotional librettos and a statue of the Madonna to be kept at home. Kyle was not very interested in these things, since he had several sources of sanctification.

In the afternoon they went to listen to Siroki Brijeg, Father Jozo, who was parish priest of Medjugorje when everything had begun. Father Jozo spoke for two and a half hours of Our Lady's messages and her love for us.

In the evening they made a last visit to the blue cross before leaving again the next day.

Tarcisio said to Kyle "Father Jozo said a sentence, that families must be united

and pray for the reconciliation of the destroyed families. I understand that I must reconcile with your mother", and then trying not to be seen cried softly at long.

### **With friends**

"I'm looking for an answer to why God allowed Simona to die, I think I have her on the tip of my tongue, in a thought I've almost grasped, but I can not find," Kyle said gesturing with his palms facing up.

The young man was with his friends, Giovanni, Licia, Marco and Andrea in an Arab restaurant. They ate the Kebab together.

"You said that you feel a little guided by Simona, how is it possible?", Licia asked.

"The dream, I see that gives me directions, and then even when I wake up strange things happen." As I went to the hermit, I heard a song of which he had spoken to me, and then the hermit said a sentence that had said the same " , Kyle answered.

"It will be an impression," said Andrea, "God is not near us, nor is there for me".

"For me you need a specialist, it is not easy to get back after what happened," said Marco, biting his sandwich.

"What are you saying?" "I'm normal, I just got a gift," Kyle said.

"For me it is not bad that there is a God close to our problems," said Lygia looking at Kyle with interest.

"Wait, I believe it, tell them what you said to me, where you've been," Giovanni said.

"I have been in Medjugorje".

"Nooo! They told me that they say the Madonna appears but they actually give hallucinogens in eating," Marco replied.

"It is you who are made, and now I have been there and I know what I have seen and heard: that place is full of the presence of God, His love is felt in everything. Even for me it was difficult to believe in the existence of God in a world like this, but there I felt that He is not to blame for all the evil there is in. Allows evil, and that's what I do not understand yet ... Simona was an angel, he did not deserve it. understood by the hermit and in Medjugorje is that there is something great, a project, a plan on us in which we are all called to collaborate Our Lady has given many messages and read them, says that to save oneself it is enough to read the Bible, going to Mass, praying the Rosary, fasting bread and water on Wednesdays and Fridays and confessing once a month, it's a bit tough ... "

"A bit '?!? But that life is already heavy enough," said Mark resentfully resented the answer before, "figured if we must think of Madonnas and do the

saints."

"Wait these are serious things, if there is a soul in us it means that we have to think about this too", Giovanni said.

"I think it is enough to be good and not to hurt anyone," said Lygia.

"But I believe that we must also work for our own and others' good, I feel they are difficult things at first, but then you understand them and become beautiful." I realize that prayer is indispensable. money, eating and dressing We can not take care of all and do all the social works that are necessary for life in this world, but we can do something strong, think about the eternal good of ourselves and others. a little love of God. In particular I think of Jesus, with what he did for us, he suffered incredible things to save us, and he did it for us too ", Kyle still had the impression that the solution to his enigma he was there, one step further, but he lost himself in looking at Lygia who was not looking at him anymore with that onair condescending to everything, but a little intimidated. He realized that talking was the only one who had to finish the sandwich and ate it, leaving a moment to think about the others.

"Look, I'm thinking about it," Giovanni said.

"I do not care much," Andrea replied with a grimace.

They left the restaurant and took four steps talking about something else. Kyle looked at the young men walking. Many dull looks, so many pale faces, many with the lit cigarette and the cold gaze. He felt a sense of unhappiness in some, of malice in others. He heard shouts of laughter. He also heard a person curse. He was an old man in his sixties. He wondered if that was God's plan for us and he said to himself - No, it can not be this way.

## **Call**

That night Kyle thought. His mother was not there, his father Tarcisio had invited him to eat from him. He sat on the chair like one who is digging inside himself.

- What do you ask me about God? What do you want from me? I saw these guys with new eyes, in the streets, even my friends .. Do you see these guys? They have so much difficulty believing you, coming close to you. Can I do something? Look at them, they need your Spirit, the Spirit that I received. Capisse ... What can I do? - in that he took the Bible to read a bit, but in opening it at random, his eye fell on a phrase that warned him as if God was speaking to him. He shook himself with a moment of enthusiasm. Did God use a way of talking to him that he had never seen? Yes, he had heard that the Word spoke to him when he read it, but the answer was never ready. The phrase said: << Jesus, approaching him, said to them: "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me: therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the

Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you. Behold, I am with you every day, until the end of the world ">>.

Kyle winced. - I do this? Speak? Yup! Yes, my God, I want to do it! - he immediately thought enthusiastically - How? Going to people and talking? How to do it? And will they listen to me? - it struck a little - I hope so, but how?

"Lord God. Should I do this?" He said. He opened again: << After that he went out and saw a publican named Levi sitting at the tax stand and told him "Follow me!". He, leaving everything behind, got up and followed him >>.

Kyle closed and remained a little dreamy. God had given him a mission. To him! "I hope I'm up to it," he told himself. Certainly it was a strong, particular mission. To speak to the people of God, to say that there is, that is close, that exists. How many strange things crossed Kyle's mind. He began to imagine himself talking to others, thinking about what he would say, and people in admiration listening to him. He was thinking of questions ready by others and his answers.

- Mmmh with my friends is not that it went roses and flowers ... - concluded by cutting off these thoughts.

- Simona died because there are even people who love evil. I have to help others to know the good and to want it. There can not be satanic sects and things like that! Man must know that he has a God who loves him and that he is his Father! -. He thought of Simona for a moment, how much he loved her. Then he got up from his chair and went into the bedroom to go to sleep.

## **Failure**

The next day was Saturday. In the morning Kyle found his mother absorbed in thought.

"How did you go with Dad?" He asked.

"Oh, well, he did well to eat," she replied.

"And for the rest?"

"I do not know, it seems to me another person, more attentive, available ... I wonder why these exits." What's on your mind? "

"I do not know," Kyle answered, "ask him". Kyle preferred not to hasten the steps of the two, but decided to leave his father to do the necessary.

That afternoon he decided to fulfill what he had set himself. He took a 20 centimeter cross and walked to the center of the city. He did not have many ideas on how to do it. He had thought about stopping people and telling them about all these things, one by one, if he announced the kingdom of heaven shouting out loud, as he imagined the apostles were doing, holding the cross, or looking for other solutions. He imagined people stopping, listening to him and hearing his words. But in truth the thought of speaking was getting so heavy in him that he did not know which way to go, he could not make up his

mind. He scrutinized the others as if looking for an improbable sign of assent, which of course did not come. He stood in front of the town hall, in the crowded square of people, where there were many young people in small groups talking to each other.

Kyle took a deep breath and took the cross from his jacket pocket and lifted it up, but when he began to speak to look at him, he stifled his breath. The shame took him so much that he withdrew, withdrew his hand with the cross and left like a fugitive.

- Oh God knows what they will think of me! They will take me crazy! Think you what! I can not do it, it's too difficult! - with a lump in his throat he thought.

- But what God asks me! How can I do? I can not, I'm ashamed. Jesus! Maria! Now who knows how God looks at me ... I'm sorry Jesus, I'm sorry! - A little 'breathless went back into the house, bolted inside and with the confusion on his head he put on the bed to say "Jesus forgive me, Jesus forgive me".

### **Justice is done**

The next morning Kyle got up badly, still confused in the head. He reluctantly took his breakfast and turned on the radio to hear the news.

"Case Goi: the court pronounces the sentence of 24 years imprisonment for Dario Sassola, murderer of Simona Goi, and 13, 14 and 11 years for his accomplices", issued the device.

"Hurray!" Cried Kyle. "Mom, Mom, they nailed them!".

His mother was in the ironing room. When he heard he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good thing," he said, "that's what they deserve!"

The young man was beside himself for contentment. "Justice is done!".

The sadness went away with this thought. Kyle telephoned Simona's parents, to rejoice with them. Then he said, "Okay God, you have fulfilled our requests, I will try to do what you asked me".

So at 10 taken and went to the hospital entrance. In a loud voice he spoke to passers-by "God is Love, let us be loved by God, Jesus Christ gave his life for you, be reconciled to God!", And other phrases he had read in the various messages of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the Father. People were getting a little shaky, a bit indifferent, someone was looking at him with a bad eye or answering to go to work, but Kyle did not really care. He was happy and had no more respect. Soon he realized that hardly before these demonstrations people stopped to speak, but the words came, he said. This was a bit of discomfort, but that day he had no weight.

"I defeated fear a little," he thought to himself, and about a quarter past twelve, and came home to eat.

## **New evangelization**

Slam! The car door closed. Kyle stretched his muscles a little, looked around, and sighed. - And here we are again - he thought smiling. He was at the foot of Mount Sernio, where he had parked a month or so before. Summer was upon us. There was already some warmth in the air, the temperature had risen and the pressure too. A little breeze blew lightly. It was around 3:30 pm. The young man began to walk.

When he arrived at Daniele's little house he shouted: "Ehy! Daniele!" He played a kind of cowbell. Daniel opened the door and went out.

"Oh, my friend, how are you?" He said.

"Well, I'm glad to see you, I missed your words, I came to see you."

"But I trust that you have found something in this time, in prayer for example," answered Daniel.

"Well, I read some beautiful messages from Our Lady and others from God, and I spent four days in Medjugorje, with a guided bus".

"Medjugorje ...", the old man sighed, "this is a beautiful grace, how did it seem to you?".

"I believe that my faith has increased considerably there. You feel the presence of God so strongly, and I have a little conscience that Our Lady is close to me ... My father then realized that I was not really the best Christian in circulation and understood that he must reconcile with my mother ... You remember, they are separated ... ".

"Did your father come too?"

"Yes".

"Did you learn a little to pray?"

"After Medjugorje I gave myself much more to do, I realized that it is not a joke what is happening and that Our Lady calls us to prepare".

"To prepare us from what? If you pray and love you do not have to worry about anything," said the old man.

"There are ten secrets that will be revealed just before they happen, but Our Lady says it is time to convert, then it will be too late for many".

"I agree: becoming a Christian is something every day, but it takes time and prayer to grow the seed of faith".

"Yes. Talking to friends about these things, I meditated and understood something".

"What?"

"I have to take care of young people, tell them these things, if there's so much malice around, it's because we do not know the things of God".

"Do you have to or are you called to do this?"

"Ah, I heard it as a call, an answer to my questions, and when I opened the Bible, these thoughts confirmed me".

"Then it is the work of the Lord, you are not doing things, you are young in faith and still live in a perspective where you think you can convert others or convince you, it is not true. expect you to be acclaimed, they will give you people, they will ask you questions of all kinds, and it is not always true that you will always be able to respond. know not to take people to look at you, but to look at God. You are a prophet, others often savages, so do not expect much from the world, but from God. "

"Yes ... it's not nice to hear but I understand." "I'll go crazy, will not you?"

"If you do well, however, you will appear crazy, you have to take it into account, but Jesus says that whoever does not deny him before men, each in his measure, will not be denied by him before the angels of God. that the scene of this world quickly disappears, as St. Paul says, and you begin to anticipate the heavenly banquet that awaits you. You know, I live every day in a passionate race towards heavenly things. I realized with time how much God he was giving me and my joy is placed in him and in these things now, no longer in men. You will be a fisher of men, and all you have to do is give them the good food of the Kingdom of Heaven. in God and in what God will give you, because the reward of a true prophet is far superior to that of living for oneself. Gradually you will care about others, pray for them. I will also pray for the people you contact "

"And how are you?" Kyle asked.

"Intercede for them, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in them, with the Rosary." Mamma always listens to such important requests for the life of souls: she thinks that one can love until one wants to die for others. measure, pray for a Our Father, a Hail Mary, and a glory for every archangel: Mikael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Jehudiel, Sealtiel and Barachiel ... "

"Wait wait, I dreamed of someone who said that he was Gabriel, he was about two feet tall, he fought some savages, as you said a while ago, and told me to help him save them," Kyle said.

"Gabriel, interesting, when did you have this dream?"

"A few days before Simona died".

"And did you understand that?"

"It came back to my mind now, Simona had said it was the archangel, is that so for you?"

"I believe it, it is your vocation then Gabriel is an announcer, he will certainly help you, the savages are the people who do not welcome the Word, or they find it difficult to receive it ... You announce the Kingdom of Heaven and today they speak badly of you They think you are sick, and then the seed grows inside them, as only Heaven knows, and one day they find themselves thinking that you are someone who really told them good and sensible things, and they admire you. It takes time. God is patient, how merciful he is, with all the evil

He is treating us with persevering love, to help us reach salvation, but the day of justice on earth will also come, it is written, there will be trials, in life of everyone and in the life of humanity. The important thing to do well is to prepare oneself day after day by doing God's will. Who loves God day after day and serves him is not lost, because God loves him and calls him to himself ".

"But where did you come in your path? Sometimes I think I speak with an angel ..."

"I have cleaned my heart and soul so much, invoking the Name of Jesus, that I now see and hear things that few are given".

"What?" Kyle asked with wide eyes.

The elderly remained silent.

"I understand," Kyle said, then added, "I tried to talk out of the hospital to passers-by, saying 'God is love', 'let yourself be loved by God', 'Jesus Christ gave His life for you', and things like this ".

"They are good words, as you understood, you do not need big things, but little seeds, but I want to show you a better way". Daniele smiled.

"What would it be?", Answered the young man curiously.

"Testimony: You see today there is a lot of science in the discourses of theologians and some priests, not even light, they speak, but often their talks are so much bad yeast, they give you bread that swells but does not fill you. of good unleavened bread, and you that you bring me? A beautiful testimony of your encounter with God. What did you mean for you? How it was, what you understood. In short, life, not difficult words. As you say simple words, go the essential ... ".

"I read a message from the Father on the internet that said to say simple things, and so I did, but how do I testify before so many people?" I am ashamed, and then you said that they will not listen to me ".

"Use the card You will say the same words that you tried to say but you will also deliver a piece of paper with your testimony: simple things that can give the salvation of souls Then you will gradually understand things with your heart and you will be ecstatic to discover what makes of your life God. A miracle of His Love! And then your heart will be filled with light and joy, for you and for others! ".

"These are beautiful things ... I hope to get there, should I still do something?"

"No. In fact, did you start working again?"

"No".

"Then I advise you to do it: work ennobles What work do you do?"

"Balance electronic cards".

"A manual work, very well, while you do it your head is free and you pray, pray, short prayers, little things, even only" Jesus, pity of me a sinner ", but

little by little the heart and the mind free themselves , you become healthy and holy It's important, people have to see you smile ".

"But how can I smile when I'm left without Simona?!?", Kyle answered, sulking.

"You have to understand that God has accomplished a plan of great salvation on her, she is a martyr. For us here on earth is a great pain, we do not understand that at heart the life of this world is like the fall of a leaf eternity! God thinks of the eternal good of souls, and sometimes it can take so much, but why? Because he wants to fill every corner of the earth with good, and to make such victims so dear that their sanctity is admired and honored by the angels of Heaven Christianity is not a rose water religion, it requires sacrifice, but do you know how the woman is giving birth? She suffers, but as soon as the child is born she passes and forgets the pain, because the joy is so great. moment, glory and joy for eternity ".

Kyle remembered, "I had almost understood this thought, yes, but in the meantime I stayed here without her."

"Persevere in faith and you will be with her forever! You will also reward all the suffering that this situation has caused you".

Kyle smiled with hope in his heart. "Thanks, I have to think about it".

"It's almost dark, will we meet again?"

"Why not?".

"You're like someone who I do not know if I'll see you again." I promise you my prayer. "

The two greeted each other. Kyle thought back to Simona. He thought he was still close, only he did not notice it. He thought that perhaps from his sacrifice he had received faith, which was first like one who slept and was awake now. It was remembered that suffering serves the good of all. He had read that suffering beyond prayers presses a lot on the heart of God and they obtain great graces for humanity, that martyrs make their faith grow in unbelievers. How hard it was though! Meanwhile the sky gave the last sun. In the sunset near Kyle he thought sometimes that he and Simona had looked at him.

"You were like a sun for me, Simona", was the evening prayer, then thanked God for the many graces received.

### **witness**

"Reduced by the murder of satanists of the woman I wanted to marry, I let myself be impregnated by her faith and I began to see the presence of God in my life from many small signs. I am reconciled with him and I begin to realize the greatness of His goodness, which is that of a Father who loves his children and wants their eternal salvation, so much that he sent Jesus Christ his only Son to live, die and rise again for each of us!

What do you read are a son who has perhaps forgotten about the Father? Jesus Christ gave His life for you, to make you an adoptive son! Did you forget what happiness is? I have tried it, I have been in great suffering but it is in the Word of the Gospel that I have rediscovered the faith that illuminates and the greatest happiness. You, like me, are a member of an immense body which is the Body of Jesus in humanity, because you have been baptized! Remember who you are a man! Remember that you must fight evil in you and in the world! Remember that you are made to love, to do good and to go out to meet others with joy in the heart! Is not this the real life? Do you live in boredom, in the listlessness, in the bitterness of life? This is because you do not pray! Praying brings the soul in a state of peace and inner joy that manifests itself in the small acts of every day, in a journey that becomes ever more luminous towards the future life! Do you want to open yourself to love? God is love! God is Truth and Life! And it's your father! Joy fills your heart! Accept Jesus Christ as your savior too! On the internet you can find Maria's messages in Medjugorje. Peace and joy! Kyle >>.

Kyle saved the text of his testimony in the computer and printed it, thinking that he could go to the copy shop to make photocopies. He was satisfied, he felt that what he had to say was there, then the rest to God. He started reading some message of Jesus on the internet, he found messages concerning the end of time and the return of Jesus in glory. He remained a bit 'taken by admiration.

It was Tuesday. The day before, as Daniele had said, he had gone to the factory where he worked and had gotten back to work, without difficulty. The next morning he had to get up to go to work, so at 21.30 the young man dedicated himself to prayer, said the Rosary with his soul intensely pleading for his parents, and went to sleep soon after.

### **Sanctifying life**

The following days Kyle passed them to happy work. The colleagues found him looking a bit 'with compassion, as if looking at a poor suffering, and he was still a little. He prayed, invoked the Name of Jesus. He was intrigued to hear Daniel speak of this, who knows what gifts he had! He tried to say many little prayers according to how he felt inspired:

'Jesus I trust in you!'

'Jesus love me'

'Jesus, I love you!'

'Jesus helps mom and dad'

'Jesus, I offer you my work for them!'

'Jesus give me the wisdom of the heart'

'Jesus gives a kiss to Simona for me!'

'Father I offer you the Sacred Heart of Jesus for sinners'

'Father I offer you the Holy Face of Jesus for the sad ones'

'Father I offer you the Blood of Jesus for the souls of Purgatory'

And gradually he always invented new ones, as well as many aves Maria, and felt free and joyful to do so.

The work did not weigh so much, he felt it was good for himself. Daniel had said he was sanctifying. In praying and working, Kyle realized that the two could blend very well together, which was a perfect match. He talked a bit about his new ones to his colleagues. Someone was interested in Medjugorje, someone saw him as if he was not expecting it, and he said to him "You look like you were born again!" Someone, on the other hand, to talk about religion remained cold and stiff, closed in pride.

Kyle was waiting for Saturday afternoon, the day when all the young men were on the streets. A little 'was fearful for the inner fears to make a bad impression, and if he said "ouch, ouch but what fears you do", playing down. He was a bit daring thinking of doing great things and seeing people change and open up.

In the meantime, after the morning shift he had that week, he had taken photocopies of the testimony in the mailboxes. It was a way of evangelizing very simple, basically, but certainly effective. "I wonder how they will take such a strong message," they said. But he felt it was a good work.

One day outside the supermarket he met an old shabby and dirty old man who was asking for charity. His thought had been to give him a few euros and so on, but his conscience told him instead, strongly, "talk to us!" The young man shook his hand in his heat, denying the initial repulsion. He asked where he came from and if he had home. The poor was Romanian and looking for work. Business hard to find work like this, Kyle thought. It occurred to him of a place in the city where they gave a bed to the poor, and he accompanied him after giving him something of his own pocket, even though it would be useful for photocopies. Later he did not know anything about it, but the same evening he found that he had arrived at a passage of the Gospel that seemed to be precisely indicated, Matthew 25, 31-40.

<< When the Son of man comes in his glory with all his angels, he will sit on the throne of his glory. And all the nations will be gathered before him, and he will separate one from the other, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats, and will place the sheep on his right and the goats on the left. Then the king will say to those on his right: Come, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Because I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you hosted me, naked and you dressed me, sick and you visited me, imprisoned and you came to see me. Then the righteous will answer him:

Lord, when did we ever see you hungry and feed you? thirsty and gave you a drink? When did we see you a stranger and we hosted you, or naked and dressed you? And when did we see you sick or in prison and we came to visit you? Answering, the king will say to them: "Truly, I say to you, every time you have done these things to one of these little brothers of mine, you have done it to me".

Kyle sighed, thinking about how much there is to do then to make Jesus happy, but it also occurred to him that with so many social institutions little men combine when they are anchored to the material, or very little. - The fact is that it takes heart, prayer to God and disinterest on one's own advantage! -, he thought. He had read in a message of Jesus that in the end it is He who has already solved and continues to solve all our problems, just call him, He knows how to do and provide for every need. But how many call it?

### **In the streets**

It was Saturday afternoon. Even that night Kyle had dreamed that the devil tormented him, frightened him. Kyle was not pleased, but he had offered his suffering to Jesus. Sometimes it seemed to him that the Lord was very close to him. Now he was on the street with a two hundred photocopies of his testimony. He had taken a breath and had boldly begun to say aloud "God is Love! Can I leave you this testimony? Thank you, peace and joy!". He told it to every person he met, within the limits of the possibilities of movement.

Kyle was a little intimidated, frightened of how the others looked at him. A couple of men told him "Go to work!", Or "Come home!". The young is not that he felt encouraged by others. But he continued. He began to say things with a feeling of openness and inner peace. People looked at him a little 'goggle. Kyle did not want to talk more than the testimony already said, it was enough.

A girl came to him and asked him "But did you write this?".

"Yes," he replied.

"What a bad story, but it's that ... Simona, do you think so, Goi?"

"Yes, she, I was her boyfriend".

"Ah, I'm sorry, it's very nice what you write, but why do you do it?".

"Because these things do not happen anymore: those who do evil are those who do not believe in good, and I want others to believe in goodness".

"And the good would be God? Look around, who believes?".

"I believe it, I understood that it is not God who wanted this, but that allowed him to greater joy and glory of her, who was Christian, in eternal life. It took me a while to understand it but I think it is so".

"I do not know, but I like what you wrote."

"I advise you to try to pray then, in prayer one can understand many things".

"All right," the girl answered a little uncertainly. "I salute you".

"Hi," Kyle answered.

Kyle went on like that for about thirty minutes. He was disgusted and disgusted to see some boys dressed in black and rather lugubrious shirts, did not want to go to them, he thought that there could be some satanists among them. The other young men gave him fear, he was afraid, but no more. In fact, a little 'pushed away by focusing on what he had to say and thinking - So they are not my acquaintances, which I care? -. So he finished the sheets, breathed a sigh of relief and went back to the car (he did not live downtown, but in the suburbs). In doing these things he began to pray a rosary with a burning heart for the young people he met.

## **Jesus**

That late afternoon Kyle was still praying for the young men to whom he had given the evidence sheets. He stood on his comfortable chair, praying several times to Maria. At one point, he seemed to feel a novelty in himself, like a thought stronger than usual, that had taken a part of him.

He heard the words "Kyle, my friend!".

Kyle looked around, but he was sure he heard these words inside.

"Who are you?".

"I am".

Kyle's eyes widened. "God?".

"Jesus".

"My Lord!".

"It is I. You have eaten my flesh, remember the words of Saint Paul: It is no longer I who live, it is Christ who lives in me You have done God's will. For this now I speak to you".

Kyle stood in silence, waiting for something. Then Jesus resumed.

"I'm here for you, you've suffered a lot, you have the right to know, I can not speak much now, because I have not yet gained total dominance, forgive your parents for leaving you wounded, pray for them, the wounds will disappear. pray also for those who killed your beloved Simona. "The wounds will leave".

"I will do it Lord".

Kyle remained silent, but Jesus no longer spoke in him.

## **Inner healing**

In the next two months Kyle testified many times on the streets. He had even gone to maritime cities, since there were several people on the waterfront in the evening. After all, he had learned that people were not interested in him, but what mattered to him was that the message came one way or another. Jesus had instructed him on this. He had explained how to testify. He had told him that it was like a very small mustard bean, which when planted produces a

big tree. But it takes time, a lot of time sometimes. But what mattered was that those people had the luminous testimony of a young man full of zeal in announcing the faith.

Jesus also spoke to him about Simona. He told him that he had the courage to remain faithful, and that when one is faithful every day, he will always be helped in the end. Kyle consoled himself. He asked Jesus what prize he had deserved for this. Jesus told him that the martyrs have a particular spiritual intoxication, a state difficult to describe if not proven.

Kyle testified quickly, a few words and immediately give the testimony, letting God do the rest. On the other hand he did not feel able to speak, it was something that Jesus had not asked him. People always welcomed the sheet with a smile. Kyle realized little by little that he was the one who had improved. He felt a spiritual intoxication that made him intense, zealous and vigorous. But even the joy had taken him, and a lot too. He walked around with a smile so full of joy that people could not but accept what he was giving. How was this joy coming to him? He had prayed so much for every person who thought he had hurt him, for one reason or another, that his heart must have been wounded. Prayer had changed him concretely. He was healed not as one who remains invalid, but as a new person, who no longer remembers the past. He always had a smile, and so much had helped him to testify. - If today's troubled and troubled Christians knew how easy it is to gain joy by witnessing - it was said, often seeing sad people at Mass. For this reason the state of his heart was always in hope, in joy.

Kyle had also taken to giving his to the poor. At each pay he poured something into aggregations that dealt with the poor. He had also occasionally done the shopping for the friars who had the table for these.

At Mass he went there regularly. He could go almost every night, when he had a work shift in the morning, and in the morning when he had the afternoon shift. He did not feel the things that Daniel said he had tried, but he had such a profound faith in the truth of the bread and wine transubstantiated in Flesh and Blood of Jesus, which put Mass now in the first place, as Mary had said in the Medjugorje messages. He felt like he was before Jesus Crucified on Mount Calvary, during the ceremony.

At that time Jesus had spoken to him simply for his personal journey. Conversion means healing, and of this Jesus was occupied in him. He had often given him indications of incidents of healing or teachings from the Gospel to be read and reread to make them his own and obtain the desired healing. Kyle learned so well, as Daniel had already told him, that even reading the Gospel is a prayer that gets healing, an inner species.

But now Jesus was going to talk to him about something else.

## **Come back to me**

Kyle was reading the Gospel of Mark chapter 7 verses 31-37: Jesus heals the deaf-mute. Her mother understood that her father wanted to come back with her and she hesitated. This is why the young man prayed reading this episode over and over again, to get Jesus to open the ears of the heart to Giuseppina, to accept the renewed love of Tarcisio. By now he had taken this way of praying, every passage of the Gospel could have a concrete application. He said "Jesus, how did you do this to the deaf-mute, do this for my mother too, open it to my father's love and words".

In this way he had also prayed the parable of the prodigal son and the lost sheep many times for the people he met and for his friends, who recognized their need for God, and proceeded thus intercalating his prayer with so many ancestors Mary. Jesus had told him that the Word of God did not remain without effect, so his faith grew in believing that, even if at times it took time for him to hope, he always got something, because he was already beginning to get it.

Kyle Licia's friends had remained on his, Andrea had stopped attending the group ashamed of being with one who preached in the streets, Marco had begun to take an interest in the messages of Our Lady in Medjugorje that Kyle was carrying, John of good heart came to Mass Sunday with him, but the speech of preaching, he said, 'is great stuff'. However, the young man was seen well, since it gave joy and charm to everyone. He was a dragger, with his charisma and his intense faith.

As Kyle prayed he heard the voice of Jesus.

"Listen to me".

"Yes, sir".

"I am very much tortured by this generation. The world is rotten and deludes itself to make its own happiness on earth, and souls are lost. What can creation be happy without those who created it? of money, power, luxury, they believe that life is there, they do not know that they will have to account for everything they have not done well. I look for praying souls, souls who listen and practice my commandments. I look for souls who know the truth and apply it to their lives, luminous souls, fearless. I am the Life and you chase me. I am the Truth and you do not have time to hear what I have to say. I am the Way and you do not live that for You are the Resurrection and you act without wonder before the mystery that is in you and around you. my son? It goes down, more and more, and there is no one who can stop it, that men like you. I brought fire to the earth, but how many are left to burn? I need you, you are a beacon, a light that will not die, you will be great, even if you will suffer a little, but your happiness will be eternal. I need men like you because the world is lost without me, men are lost, they go to ruin. What will they do in the

last moments of life if they do not accept me as their savior? What happens to those who have not believed in me, in what I propose? They have looked for life and chimeras and illusions, but then a deadly and suffocating embrace violates his soul and nothing more. What is important then what they have conquered if they do not come to be part of my kingdom? What matters if they go in the horror of hell? Nothing matters, but I can do nothing in front of those who have denied me during my life. The way is narrow but it is only love that I ask. Love. What's more than this? Love for God and for creation, Love for men. What problem is praying for one another? What problem is wanting the good of others? Perhaps I leave you without anything? What effort do you have to turn your thoughts to God to ask your true good? Do not you need me? Do not you need my spirit? Yes, you need it. Come to me, it's sweet to live with me, it does not weigh. From the world, I bring you out. I make you new, I make you fertile, that your fruit remains. When will I return from the skies who will I find ready? Who will be awake when I arrive? My friends, come back to me, apostasy is on earth and the antichrist will come, as it is written. Come back to me, be mine. An eternity of delights is for you. I wait for your heart, give it to me and you will no longer feel suffocated by the world, give it to me and you will be happy. Pray and you will enter joy. Do not worry, do not worry, I am always with you, and I will not allow you to lose yourselves if you love ".

Kyle was holding his breath. "But how can I say these words, Lord?"

"It is the outpouring of my heart: if you say that I listen to my voice and read the Gospel, I do not ask you to say this: Who would believe one who says to listen to my voice, and yet you are many. It is hidden, you do not see it ... I form so many chains of love, invisible to your eyes. The world is flashy, but its enjoyment is fictitious, but I do not disappoint, I leave you my joy, I bring you to true life, the happiness that I give you is eternal ".

"Sir, it is true, I no longer feel fear, I feel liberated from the evil that kept me, I am joyous and light, with you everything changes".

"So are you ready to come with me, are you ready to leave everything?".

Kyle was stoned. "In heaven?".

"Yes", answered Jesus.

"I desire him Lord".

"Then prepare my child".

## **I greet Giovanni**

"That's right, he told me to get ready!"

"Unbelievable If I did not know you I'd say you're out ... How can you know you're going to die? Already know that Jesus is speaking to you is something ... particular"

Kyle was alone, along with Giovanni. He liked to tell him his secrets, as a friend

he was the best.

"So he told me".

"Did you talk to others?".

"No, I'm talking to you only".

"I do not tell anyone, but then you gave me so many good advice, I believe in eternal life."

"Maybe Jesus will be near you, or you will meet someone who will help you".

"I hope". Giovanni took a tear from him.

"You know, Simona has shown me that she is near me even from up there, but I will be near you".

## **Write!**

Kyle was in the chair dozing. It was Friday and had had a turn in the morning. He felt himself almost asleep when he felt he was immersed in a daydream.

"Write!", He heard a powerful and sweet voice say to him.

Kyle was confused. Who was? Consciousness suggested to him that he was God the Father, but he did not think it was possible. He took a notebook and a pen and took it down .

"Of this writing you will make photocopies and you will deliver it tomorrow".

"Yes," Kyle answered, ready to write. He wondered if maybe he was an angel, but he was not sure.

The voice continued. "O my children, listen, come to me, I am your Father, I, God. Leave your fears, I am here, what are you waiting for to love me, I have not created you, you are not mine? Atheism collapses, does not give reason to your existence My children, know it, I am there You do not know what God I am, because you have not experienced the Love I have for each of you I am here to save you. it is important, so much that I sent my Son to save her. Justice is atoned, if you have faith in Him. Why are you afraid? I am an irascible God with whoever hates, with whom He wants the evil of neighbor, but I am also good and caring for those who want the good. My Son saved you, come to the source of life. It is Jesus Christ the Savior, believe in Him, everything will be smoothed. Everything is complicated now, but simple it will become if you open yourself with faith and religious practice. I'm not difficult. The world is twisted, not me. I give you eternal life, make yourselves ready for future happiness. I can repay you for every effort. What joy awaits you if you believe with your heart in Christ resurrected for you! Your eternal yearning is your eternal life! Desire it, bind it to heart, and I will transform you. Do not be afraid. My way is simple, just pray and welcome inspirations. I am with you, let yourself be loved. God the Father ". Your eternal yearning is your eternal life! Desire it, bind it to heart, and I will transform you. Do not be afraid. My way is

simple, just pray and welcome inspirations. I am with you, let yourself be loved. God the Father ".Your eternal yearning is your eternal life! Desire it, bind it to heart, and I will transform you. Do not be afraid. My way is simple, just pray and welcome inspirations. I am with you, let yourself be loved. God the Father ".

"You, God, have you talked to me?!?" Kyle asked, with a hand on his mouth in amazement.

"Yes, I, God ... and as my Son told you, I tell you to prepare for future joy, because your reward is greater than I dare to hope for, if so many were like you, I would save the world. anyway, pray and trust, you will be given every consolation! "

"Yes, my Lord, I will do it".

### **Today you will be with me in Paradise**

That Saturday morning Kyle was radiant with joy. He had dreamed of Simona again during the night, just before waking up. "Today you will be with me in Paradise", was what she had told him. Kyle could not contain his smile. "Finally I'll be with you," he told himself, and ran to make photocopies of the message received from God the Father. He was not happy with it. The thought of dying seemed bright to him, not dark, but he said nothing to anyone.

"My God I love you!", He kept repeating. There was nothing but this in his prayer, so much seemed to him was all he had to say. - I'm lucky - he thought, - the dark times for me are over! -.

### **True life begins**

Kyle was advancing through the streets with sheets in his hand. He smiled a sunny smile but did not hide a certain concern. He met a small group of girls and stopped for a moment to distribute the message.

"What's this?". One asked him.

"It is a message from God".

"Oh God, you will not be Jehovah's Witnesses."

"No, I'm from the Catholic Church".

"Ah, ok, I'll read."

"Thank you, peace and joy!". Kyle said.

He now met a group of very gloomy and hard-looking metalheads.

"Excuse me, do you give us these things to us?".

"Does not God love you too?" He asked.

"But we do not love God".

"Just because you do not know him".

"Eh, I love someone else," one said. "His enemy", and he laughed.

"You're throwing the soul for a loser," and left.

Still many boys and girls met, but at one point he felt himself transported on divine wings. His heart was in joy. He heard a voice, which he recognized as what he had heard in the dream with the archangel Gabriel: "The real life is about to start for you".

In that a couple of drunks crossed the road.

He said "God is Love", and he did to give him a piece of paper, but one of those raised the bottle in his hand and smashed it twice and again on his head, crying "Damn! It's your fault if my girlfriend left me".

Kyle fell to the ground on his knees, his face all stained with blood, he was annihilated for a while in that position, feeling pain but as if lightened. Then he collapsed on the ground. The friend of that drunk stopped the first blocking him from behind, calling for help.

Kyle saw a great light. He saw Simona.

"Come love, I'll bring you to Him", he said gently, and kissed him. In that kiss Kyle felt the pain of the head fade away and suddenly found himself outside his body, with a similar but different body. It was the soul.

Simona put her hand in his and took him away with her.

## **Goodbye**

The brain was emanating, the news had said, speaking of the young man who spoke of God to men. The companion of the arrested drunkard had said that his friend had been left by the girlfriend for religious matters after he had read the testimony of this and had started practicing. The man had not been able to hold back the mad gesture of hatred towards Kyle, but he was sorry.

Tarcisio arrived at the hospital in a hurry, where he found Giuseppina. For two hours they cried embracing.

Many saw the young man who had given him those papers with his testimony on the news. There was much talk in many families, some found the paper and read it with that attention with which they had not read it before.

Kyle's young friends also heard the news: Giovanni, Licia, Marco. They called each other. Everyone was crying, they did not know how to give themselves a reason.

## **I live**

The next day, Sunday, Giovanni was with Licia and Marco talking on a bench in one of the many parks.

"I'm just crying," said Lygia, "but why did you go into trouble?"

"Yes, but what a story, Simona dies, he dies, all by faith, it's a little exaggerated, sometimes God!" Said Marco.

"But look what people are on the streets! Really the world is full of hate, and

they take it with the good ones!", Giovanni said.

"But what's the use?" Said Lygia.

"I believe he's in Heaven now, and it's all past for him." "I must tell you ... Kyle knew he was going to die, he told me that Jesus had told him this." He was happy, "added John.

"So, how can you be happy to die?" Said Lygia.

In that they all felt a sense of happiness flooding them and a thunderous voice saying "I live! Have faith in God!".

"Oh my God was Kyle's voice!" Licia said brightly.

The three looked stunned.

### **A drop in the ocean**

"... everything we do is just a drop in the ocean, Mother Teresa of Calcutta said, but if we do not, there will never be that drop. Kyle was a luminous person, a shining example of humanity and faith. We consider Kyle a failure, a man who has lost everything, from the future bride to his life, but it is another point of reference that we must take, and it is the Gospel ... Kyle has fought for the Gospel, he has fought because love wins in the hearts of men. In the eyes of the world we can say that he has failed, but in truth this man is a martyr of Christ, one whose blood raises the faith of thousands of people now and in the future. They exist today, Kyle and Simona prove it to us, but they now rejoice victorious in heaven, their history has a bond of faith, of hope and charity so strong that the love of God is screaming in our hearts and it does not let us forget it. We can not resign ourselves to vain faiths and to the ideas of the world, before such luminous witnesses of Truth. Dear Kyle, now you in heaven are blissful and happy, and you are reunited with the woman you love. Remember us that we are in this trial, that we need light so as not to lose ourselves. Intercede for us and for the salvation of our souls. Dear Kyle, thank you, and as you said, peace and joy! Praise be to Jesus Christ. "The Capuchin friar ended the prayer and celebrated the funeral of the church, the church was overflowing, and there were numerous people who had only noticed the testimony they had received or the news from the newspaper. John had read some prayers to the friend Kyle and was taken aside by a journalist.

"He knew he was going to die, the voice of Jesus he had heard revealed to him," he said in tears.

Tarcisio and Giuseppina stood hand in hand with a new trust, for what Licia had revealed to them on the voice she had heard with Giovanni and Marco. From that day on they never parted again. Even Giulio and Carla, parents of Simona, were present, with hearts swollen with tears for their son, as they thought.

Numerous young people became enthusiastic about God and the Gospel in hearing the words of John told the journalist, and the speeches on television

about the story, and began to attend the church and some to take his example as a model of life, seeing what they were looking for in him . But this, dear friends, is another story.

*The websites of the messages of Jesus and Mary mentioned in the story are:*

<http://medjugorje.altervista.org>

<http://www.jnsr.be>

<http://www.potenzadellacroce.it> my site where my last book is found: "The power of the Cross - Entering the Resurrection", a book of charismatic catecheses on all the themes of faith, and messages of Mary Co-redemptrix.

<http://mybookoftruth.com/>

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Reference site: <http://www.potenzadellacroce.it>